

water into the cave by capillary action, knobby clusters of small lumps form with no regard for the ups and downs of gravity, creating cave coral. As coral knobs grow larger, they make a series of deposits of increasing size descriptively called cave popcorn, cave grapes, cave potatoes, and cave cauliflower.

But the most exquisite seep-formed deposits—and the ones which make Timpanogos Cave special—are helictites. These twisting structures have tiny central canals like stalactites, but water moves so slowly through them that it doesn't form a driplet. Capillary action pushes moisture from the wall to the tip of the helictite, where it deposits a single crystal of calcite before vaporizing. The crystals don't fit perfectly on one another, so the helictite grows in unpredictable twists and spirals, creating a helter-skelter mineralized garden on each scoured-out limestone wall.

Some caves are famous for their spectacular life-forms: blind fish and salamanders, great flocks of hibernating bats. In small and rather cold Timpanogos Cave, larger animal life is sparse—a few cave crickets, millipedes, centipedes, springtails, spiders, and an occasional bat.

Though the cave provides only a narrow spectrum of food, it does offer a stable and humid climate attractive to many organisms. Millipedes, for example, require such moist environments, and can live anywhere in the cave, feeding on anything from bat droppings to paper left by littering visitors. Springtails, small insects capable of springing for distances more than a meter, also feed on virtually any organic debris: droppings, mold, fungi, and bacteria.

Crickets, centipedes, and spiders, in turn, feed on these scavengers. Cave crickets are the most conspicuous inhabitants of most large caves, where they live in swarms on walls and ceilings. Most forage outside the cave and return to their cave roost by day. But some species never leave their cave,

using their long sensitive antennae to sense air currents carrying the smells that will lead them to food.


Tours of the cave are provided on a first come, first served basis with a limit of 20 people per tour.

Prices are as follows:

Adults (16-61) \$3.00

Children (6-15) \$2.00

Children (under 6) FREE

Senior Citizens (with Golden Age Passports) \$1.50 



Coral Gardens



Pool in Middle Cave



THE MEMBER'S CORNER

Editor's Note: We invite any AAA Member to submit articles and/or pictures to the Member's Corner. Subjects may include travel experiences, auto related stories, stories on Utah fiction or non-fiction. Any Utah member whose story is published will receive a complimentary one-year renewal of his or her membership.

DRIVING AWAKE

by

Frank B. Salisbury

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You ought to see how they drive in India! Picture a narrow road with just enough room for two buses to meet and pass without going onto the shoulders. Add dozens of people walking along those shoulders, dozens more riding bicycles, motor scooters, auto-rickshaws, or now and again a cart with huge wooden wheels and a load of straw or sorghum, being pulled by a team of bullocks—or water buffalo, horses, or camels. Mix in an ample portion of gigantic truck and buses and now and again an elephant.

You're in a rented taxi driving from Dehli to Agra, 200 kilometers away, to see the Taj Mahal. Your Punjabi driver knows he must average 50 km per hour (30 mph) to get you there in four hours, and with the many small towns along the way, he must push it to 80 km per hour (50 mph) much of the time to maintain that average. But the buses, trucks, and some other autos, not to mention the bikes, scooters, and bullock carts, don't go that fast, so he constantly swings out into the lane of oncoming traffic to pass the slower vehicles. Hundreds of times during the eight-hour drive, you have what would be close calls at home, and there are a few times when you are certain your driver won't get back into his own lane in time to avoid the impending head-on collision with the gargantuan truck; you brace yourself for the crash! But, with an inch or two to spare, the Punjabi driver misses the truck—or the poor bikers who are coming the other way and who don't seem to count; they must balance on the edge of the asphalt and appear unconcerned as your



taxi swooshes by just a breath away.

You first assume that these people are simply insane, that they must care not a wit for life and limb. After an hour or two, you begin to wonder why the roadsides aren't strewn with smashed vehicles and broken bodies. Gradually, you develop a grudging respect for these Indians. Their skill at the wheel—or the handlebars—is clearly something to behold. You stand in awe of their uncanny sense of timing and their delicate manipulation of the accelerator and the steering mechanism.

Yes, they pay a high toll in accidents; how could it be otherwise? But I suspect that if one could express the accident rate as a portion of the close calls, their percentage would be far lower than our own. How do they manage? Is there a lesson to be learned?

You can be certain that under the conditions just described, no one ever falls asleep at the wheel! To survive that traffic, everyone involved must constantly focus each and every attention nerve on the job at hand. Driving must be a high performance game in which the

players must allow no distractions, no wavering from the immediate goal, which is to stay alive.

Therein lies our lesson. Driving in Utah, I don't have the kind of close calls that I experienced on the road to Agra because I simply wouldn't dream of cutting things that close, taking such wild chances. But I have had my share of close calls. And each time, the reason was my drifting attention, slipping into a day-dream world of thought about some item that seemed more important than driving.

This is the rule in the United States in general and in Utah in particular. You see it constantly, if you're paying attention! People seem to think that they are alone on the road. They'll cut corners because surely no one will be coming the other way. They'll drift out in front of you at a stop sign and then, not in much hurry after all, mosey along five or ten miles below the posted speed. They'll stop in the middle of the road to talk with a neighbor going the other way. They'll cruise along in the center lane on the freeway, well below the speed limit, causing other drivers to

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Photo — courtesy Utah Publicity Dept.
Stalactite formation in Timpanogas Cave *p413*

Introduction — Natural gas and oil

“The next important phase of the story of mining in Utah, students, deals with the production of natural gas and petroleum. These industries were in their infancy in 1947. During that year the yield of crude oil in the entire state was less than 1,000 barrels. The story of the development of natural gas and oil production into major industries is as unusual perhaps as is the story of the uranium boom.”

Oil and natural gas production in Utah

“In 1948 there were only six oil wells in the state. They yielded 15,138 barrels of crude oil that year. However, during the year drilling of oil wells in Uintah County was carried forward with a certain degree of success, and so what has been termed the oil boom of Uintah County began in 1948. Since that time oil has become the principal mineral